

# LITERARY GEMS.

VOL. I.

THE SWEETS OF MANY A FLOWER.

NO. 21.

## FEMALE ATTRACTION.

There shines an all-pervading grace,  
A charm, diffused through every part  
Of perfect woman's form and face,  
That steals, like light, into man's heart.

Her look is to his eyes a beam—  
Of loveliness that never sets;  
Her voice is to his ear a dream  
Of melody it ne'er forgets:

Alike in motion or repose,  
Awake or slumbering, sure to win,  
Her form, a vase transparent, shows  
The spirit's light enshrined within.

Nor charming only when she talks,  
Her very silence speaks and shines;  
Love gilds her pathway when she walks,  
And lights her couch when she reclines.

Let her, in short, do what she will,  
'Tis something for which man must woo her;  
So powerful is that magnet still  
Which draws all soul and senses to her.

Moore.

## CHIT CHAT.

*Editor's Interruption.*—We were *solus* in our lodgings, on the second floor, in a *cut de sac*—where, although we are not disturbed by the sound of horses' feet, and the rattling of wheels, we still have the advantage of looking out upon a range of stables—when the door was opened, without even the precautionary notice, of a tap, and in walked Captain O'Sullivan, and the following conversation ensued.

*Captain O'Sullivan.* Good morning, Mr. Editor; you were not at the Club for your breakfast.

*Editor.* No, I breakfasted at the Literary Union. The Don was expected from Paris, and I hoped to meet him.

O'S. And pray what are you now about, to amuse yourself with; for I see all preparation, and but two words of writing at the head of your paper?

Ed. Read them.

O'S. "Chit Chat"—upon my soul—we need not go to Ireland for bulls. That "Chit Chat" of yours is a most complete one. May I ask you, does not "Chit Chat" imply two people—and don't you always talk by yourself?

Ed. That is true; but "Chit Chat" is the name of my article, and signifies—

O'S. Signifies—yes, it does signify—but it signifies dialogue. "Chit" is one person, and "Chat" is the other; now, that's what I call a clear derivation; whereas, yours is only a monologue.

Ed. (*With surprise.*) And pray, Captain O'Sullivan, what do you know about a monologue?

O'S. What do I know? did I never see a pig with his head in a gate, squalling murder? And a'n't that as pretty a monologue as you could see?

Ed. Captain O'Sullivan, you may hear a monologue, but not see one.

O'S. Well, there you have me sure enough; but why do you not make "Chit Chat" a dialogue—as it ought to be?

Ed. I should have preferred it; but one does not like to be accused of copying from others.

*Enter Mr. Percy, the Sub-Editor.*

Ed. Well, Mr. Sub, you appear full of matter; pray what is the matter?

Percy. There's too much matter in the Magazine. The printer says we have too much copy by five pages. We must dam the "Sources of Poetry," and shave down close the "Spanish Barber," or else put a stop to the "Education of the Poor."

Ed. But how is that?

Sub. The "Tea Trade" has proved more extensive than we contemplated.

O'S. That's just what people are asking for—so it's all right.

Ed. Well, then, we must put a stop to the "Education of the Poor."

Sub. The printer also desired me to say, that he has no compositor who can make out "The State of Parties."

O'S. That would puzzle the devil, let alone the printer's devil. (*Enter Dr. Puncture.*) Ah! my little doctor, is it you; now tell us the real truth, have your patients suffered most this week from your puns or your pills.

Doctor. That all depends whether they take or not. Yesterday I was unfortunate, I never made a better pun, or lost a better patient.

O'S. Why, I must confess, that now and then there's a trifling degree of nausea in both instances; but still, your wit, as well as your physic, is occasionally effective—so now tell us about it.

Doctor. A gouty old gentleman, whom I have attended some months, has a cat, very much attached to him, and invariably following him, like a dog; contrary to a cat's nature, to dog him in that way, you know. "A faithful follower," observed the old gentleman to me, two or three times, without my being ready; but I thought of it, and yesterday, when he again observed "a faithful follower," I replied, "I beg your pardon, rather a herald to announce you." "No sir," replied he, "I said, and I meant a follower." "And for that reason, not a follower," replied I. "It is clear he is a *pur-suivant*, who always goes before." The old gentleman, who is very testy, and hates a pun, let fall his crutch upon my head, and ordered me never to call again. It's clear that I hit him hard, though—didn't I?

Ed. It rather appears that he hit you hard, doctor.

O'S. But not in a vulnerable part, as medical men say.

Doctor. Captain O'Sullivan, I really don't take. I know of no part of a man which is not vulnerable.

O'S. What do you think of a man's shadow?

Doctor. That, Captain O'Sullivan, is not part of a man.

O'S. But I say that it is, doctor. Is not my shadow my own? does it not go with me, and stop with me? Can it exist without me? Does it not prove that I am a real substantial man? Did you ever see a shadow of a man without a man—or a man without his shadow? A shadow is therefore part and parcel of a man, as clear as the sun in noon day.

Ed. Well, but excuse me a moment, gentlemen, Mr. Percy wishes to go. Have you anything else to communicate?

Sub. Nothing, sir; but here is a song or piece of poetry sent, which perhaps may fill up a corner.

Ed. I hate that filling up of corners; it is an abominable magazine system, invented by printers, who assert the pages do not look well with an hiatus here and there. The consequence is, that you select your poetry, not for the merits, but the length; and thus it is that I have seen more bad poetry inserted without my knowledge, by the printer, than would be sufficient to ruin a magazine. Read it, Mr. Sub.

It is May! up, arise!  
There's a smile in the skies,  
And a balm on the air, and a blush on the day!  
See! our Mary, the fair,  
Has now braided her hair,  
And sings as she trips, "It is May! it is May!"  
And the green forest heaves  
Its fresh bloom of leaves  
To the sigh of the wind, that there loveth to stay:  
Up the choristers spring,  
And they joyously sing  
To the earth, as they leave it, "Tis May! it is May!"

May! she laughs down the gale—

It is May in the vale—

It is May on the hill, where the little lambs play—

May is bright on the wave—

Even on the lone grave

The May flowers are springing—where is it not May!

May! where art thou not?—

Alas! in that spot

Where thou comest but once, and where short is thy stay—

'Tis the proud heart of man

That is doomed to the ban—

That it shall never feel, for a second time, May.

Ed. It has the merit of the author not having laboured to make it better. Return it, with many thanks. You may add compliment No. 5 from the paragraph book.

Sub. The printer talks about his bill, sir.

Ed. I won't deprive him of the pleasure of having something to talk about. Good morning. (*Exit Sub.*)

O'S. I should take that to be the most unpleasant part of the magazine business.

Ed. You're right—all the rest is ready money. (*Knock at the door.*) Come in.

*Enter Major Tantamount.*

Major. May I presume?

Ed. A man of your exquisite breeding, Major, never can. We look to you for all the fashionable intelligence. You are a "Court Journal" in every point, except mendacity.

Maj. I thank you. (*Takes out a cambric handkerchief, and wipes the dust from his face and whiskers.*) Really I must wish—a shower of curses on this pulverized granite.

O'S. A shower of rain would be much better, Major.

Maj. Mud one may escape by riding, but against dust there is no defence. M'Adam has much to answer for. Much as I'm inclined to compliment, I cannot compliment him.

O'S. Now, Major, as we sea-going sort of gentlemen, (I mean Mr. Editor and myself,) are not quite *au fait* at compliments, do give us a specimen of a real good one.

Maj. To oblige you, Captain O'Sullivan, I would exert myself at any time, even in July. Well, I was on the Duke's grounds—the Duke *par excellence*—on the banks of the Thames, last August, weather warm, company brilliant, nothing wanting, for very unexpectedly I was there myself, much to the delight of —; but never mind that. The feting Duke said to the fighting Duke, pointing to an arbour prettily enough constructed of cuttings of camellias in flower, "Will your Grace refresh yourself in the *Retreat*?" His Grace of war hesitated for a moment, as he had his eyes fixed upon a certain lady; (it might be Mrs. A. or Mrs. B., I don't tell who;) upon which his Grace of courtesy, rallying his wits, exclaimed, "I should not have used the word *retreat*, it is unknown in your Grace's vocabulary." "Indeed you forget the affair at —." Upon which I immediately stepped forward, and very politely interrupted the Duke, and prevented him from saying the word, by observing, with a low bow, "Your Grace never retreated but to return and pick up the laurels which the rapidity of your march would not allow you to stop for on your advance." His Grace made me a low bow, Mrs. A. or B. clapped her little hands; and I heard him inquire soon afterwards what was my name, and rank in the army.

O'S. That was a flattering compliment indeed, Major, from the Duke, who commanded so long, and was so well acquainted with distinguished officers.

Maj. It was, indeed, Captain.

Ed. I have often smiled at myself when I have

# LITERARY GEMS.

VOL. I.

THE SWEETS OF MANY A FLOWER.

NO. 21.

## FEMALE ATTRACTION.

There shines an all-pervading grace,  
A charm, diffused through every part  
Of perfect woman's form and face,  
That steals, like light, into man's heart.

Her look is to his eyes a beam—  
Of loveliness that never sets;  
Her voice is to his ear a dream  
Of melody it ne'er forgets:

Alike in motion or repose,  
Awake or slumbering, sure to win,  
Her form, a vase transparent, shows  
The spirit's light enshrined within.

Nor charming only when she talks,  
Her very silence speaks and shines;  
Love gilds her pathway when she walks,  
And lights her couch when she reclines.

Let her, in short, do what she will,  
'Tis something for which man must woo her;  
So powerful is that magnet still  
Which draws all soul and senses to her.

Moore.

## CHIT CHAT.

*Editor's Interruption.*—We were *solus* in our lodgings, on the second floor, in a *cut de sac*—where, although we are not disturbed by the sound of horses' feet, and the rattling of wheels, we still have the advantage of looking out upon a range of stables—when the door was opened, without even the precautionary notice, of a tap, and in walked Captain O'Sullivan, and the following conversation ensued.

*Captain O'Sullivan.* Good morning, Mr. Editor; you were not at the Club for your breakfast.

*Editor.* No, I breakfasted at the Literary Union. The Don was expected from Paris, and I hoped to meet him.

O'S. And pray what are you now about, to amuse yourself with; for I see all preparation, and but two words of writing at the head of your paper?

Ed. Read them.

O'S. "Chit Chat"—upon my soul—we need not go to Ireland for bulls. That "Chit Chat" of yours is a most complete one. May I ask you, does not "Chit Chat" imply two people—and don't you always talk by yourself?

Ed. That is true; but "Chit Chat" is the name of my article, and signifies—

O'S. Signifies—yes, it does signify—but it signifies dialogue. "Chit" is one person, and "Chat" is the other; now, that's what I call a clear derivation; whereas, yours is only a monologue.

Ed. (*With surprise.*) And pray, Captain O'Sullivan, what do you know about a monologue?

O'S. What do I know? did I never see a pig with his head in a gate, squalling murder? And a'n't that as pretty a monologue as you could see?

Ed. Captain O'Sullivan, you may hear a monologue, but not see one.

O'S. Well, there you have me sure enough; but why do you not make "Chit Chat" a dialogue—as it ought to be?

Ed. I should have preferred it; but one does not like to be accused of copying from others.

*Enter Mr. Percy, the Sub-Editor.*

Ed. Well, Mr. Sub, you appear full of matter; pray what is the matter?

Percy. There's too much matter in the Magazine. The printer says we have too much copy by five pages. We must dam the "Sources of Poetry," and shave down close the "Spanish Barber," or else put a stop to the "Education of the Poor."

Ed. But how is that?

Sub. The "Tea Trade" has proved more extensive than we contemplated.

O'S. That's just what people are asking for—so it's all right.

Ed. Well, then, we must put a stop to the "Education of the Poor."

Sub. The printer also desired me to say, that he has no compositor who can make out "The State of Parties."

O'S. That would puzzle the devil, let alone the printer's devil. (*Enter Dr. Puncture.*) Ah! my little doctor, is it you; now tell us the real truth, have your patients suffered most this week from your puns or your pills.

Doctor. That all depends whether they take or not. Yesterday I was unfortunate, I never made a better pun, or lost a better patient.

O'S. Why, I must confess, that now and then there's a trifling degree of nausea in both instances; but still, your wit, as well as your physic, is occasionally effective—so now tell us about it.

Doctor. A gouty old gentleman, whom I have attended some months, has a cat, very much attached to him, and invariably following him, like a dog; contrary to a cat's nature, to dog him in that way, you know. "A faithful follower," observed the old gentleman to me, two or three times, without my being ready; but I thought of it, and yesterday, when he again observed "a faithful follower," I replied, "I beg your pardon, rather a herald to announce you." "No sir," replied he, "I said, and I meant a follower." "And for that reason, not a follower," replied I. "It is clear he is a *pur-sui-vant*, who always goes before." The old gentleman, who is very testy, and hates a pun, let fall his crutch upon my head, and ordered me never to call again. It's clear that I hit him hard, though—didn't I?

Ed. It rather appears that he hit you hard, doctor.

O'S. But not in a vulnerable part, as medical men say.

Doctor. Captain O'Sullivan, I really don't take. I know of no part of a man which is not vulnerable.

O'S. What do you think of a man's shadow?

Doctor. That, Captain O'Sullivan, is not part of a man.

O'S. But I say that it is, doctor. Is not my shadow my own? does it not go with me, and stop with me? Can it exist without me? Does it not prove that I am a real substantial man? Did you ever see a shadow of a man without a man—or a man without his shadow? A shadow is therefore part and parcel of a man, as clear as the sun in noon day.

Ed. Well, but excuse me a moment, gentlemen, Mr. Percy wishes to go. Have you anything else to communicate?

Sub. Nothing, sir; but here is a song or piece of poetry sent, which perhaps may fill up a corner.

Ed. I hate that filling up of corners; it is an abominable magazine system, invented by printers, who assert the pages do not look well with an hiatus here and there. The consequence is, that you select your poetry, not for the merits, but the length; and thus it is that I have seen more bad poetry inserted without my knowledge, by the printer, than would be sufficient to ruin a magazine. Read it, Mr. Sub.

It is May! up, arise!  
There's a smile in the skies,  
And a balm on the air, and a blush on the day!  
See! our Mary, the fair,  
Has now braided her hair,  
And sings as she trips, "It is May! it is May!"  
And the green forest heaves  
Its fresh bloom of leaves  
To the sigh of the wind, that there loveth to stay:  
Up the choristers spring,  
And they joyously sing  
To the earth, as they leave it, "Tis May! it is May!"

May! she laughs down the gale—

It is May in the vale—

It is May on the hill, where the little lambs play—

May is bright on the wave—

Even on the lone grave

The May flowers are springing—where is it not May!

May! where art thou not?—

Alas! in that spot

Where thou comest but once, and where short is thy stay—

'Tis the proud heart of man

That is doomed to the ban—

That it shall never feel, for a second time, May.

Ed. It has the merit of the author not having laboured to make it better. Return it, with many thanks. You may add compliment No. 5 from the paragraph book.

Sub. The printer talks about his bill, sir.

Ed. I won't deprive him of the pleasure of having something to talk about. Good morning. (*Exit Sub.*)

O'S. I should take that to be the most unpleasant part of the magazine business.

Ed. You're right—all the rest is ready money. (*Knock at the door.*) Come in.

*Enter Major Tantamount.*

Major. May I presume?

Ed. A man of your exquisite breeding, Major, never can. We look to you for all the fashionable intelligence. You are a "Court Journal" in every point, except mendacity.

Maj. I thank you. (*Takes out a cambric handkerchief, and wipes the dust from his face and whiskers.*) Really I must wish—a shower of curses on this pulverized granite.

O'S. A shower of rain would be much better, Major.

Maj. Mud one may escape by riding, but against dust there is no defence. M'Adam has much to answer for. Much as I'm inclined to compliment, I cannot compliment him.

O'S. Now, Major, as we sea-going sort of gentlemen, (I mean Mr. Editor and myself,) are not quite *au fait* at compliments, do give us a specimen of a real good one.

Maj. To oblige you, Captain O'Sullivan, I would exert myself at any time, even in July. Well, I was on the Duke's grounds—the Duke *par excellence*—on the banks of the Thames, last August, weather warm, company brilliant, nothing wanting, for very unexpectedly I was there myself, much to the delight of —; but never mind that. The feting Duke said to the fighting Duke, pointing to an arbour prettily enough constructed of cuttings of camellias in flower, "Will your Grace refresh yourself in the *Retreat*?" His Grace of war hesitated for a moment, as he had his eyes fixed upon a certain lady; (it might be Mrs. A. or Mrs. B., I don't tell who;) upon which his Grace of courtesy, rallying his wits, exclaimed, "I should not have used the word *retreat*, it is unknown in your Grace's vocabulary." "Indeed you forget the affair at —." Upon which I immediately stepped forward, and very politely interrupted the Duke, and prevented him from saying the word, by observing, with a low bow, "Your Grace never retreated but to return and pick up the laurels which the rapidity of your march would not allow you to stop for on your advance." His Grace made me a low bow, Mrs. A. or B. clapped her little hands; and I heard him inquire soon afterwards what was my name, and rank in the army.

O'S. That was a flattering compliment indeed, Major, from the Duke, who commanded so long, and was so well acquainted with distinguished officers.

Maj. It was, indeed, Captain.

Ed. I have often smiled at myself when I have



read the Phillippics, or rather intended Phillippics, against the Duke by snarling editors, whose names will be forgotten a week after they have been screwed down in their coffins, while his name will be recorded as long as history has the power of doing justice to worth and talent. Not that I agree with the Duke that no reform is necessary—on that point we are at most decided issue: but, surely, if I, as an humble individual claim a right to uphold my own opinion, can I be so illiberal as not to allow a man like the Duke of Wellington not to express his without depreciating his great talents, ungratefully forgetting his services to his country, or decrying as an imbecile the very man who, some years ago, was almost deified as the preserver of his country.

O'S. The buzzing of mosquitoes—not pleasant; and their bites, though small, are venomous. Doctor, we have not had a pun this half an hour.

Doctor. I have been busy with an impromptu.

O'S. Then by the powers you've taken your time about it. What was it about?

Doctor. Upon the observation of Major Tantamount about M'Adam—referring to his having been made of dust, and making such a dust. The ideas are all right, but the verse requires some little reflection. 'Must,' and 'lust,' and 'crust,' rhyme to 'dust'; but I'll have it ready by next week, if the editor will do me the honour of inserting it.

Ed. I never refuse gratis contributions, Doctor, from a man of your talent, always reserving to myself the rights of an editor, that of making a few alterations if I think proper. (Another rap at the door, and enter Mr. Timothy Twist, M. P.)

Twist. I am happy to find the House so well attended. Mr. Speaker, with your permission I rise to make a motion.

O'S. How can you manage that, Mr. Twist, when you have not sat down yet?

Twist. Captain O'Sullivan, I speak in Parliamentary phrase.

O'S. I beg your pardon—it appeared to me to be rather nonsensical.

Ed. I am all attention, M. Twist.

Twist. Well then, I move for a bottle of sherry, some spring water and tumblers, for, to tell you the truth, the dust is rather annoying.

Maj. I second that motion, and bear testimony to the extreme nuisance of the dust.

Ed. I'm afraid, gentlemen, I must call you to order. When supplies are voted, the House must form a committee.

O'S. Very true, Mr. Editor; but on this case of emergency, let us have the sherry, and we give you a bill of indemnity.

Ed. I had rather you'd pay my wine merchant's bill. (Rings the bell.) That would be a bill of indemnity.

(Enter Bill.) Did you ring, sir?

Ed. Yes; bring some sherry and water.

O'S. A fine youth that; isn't he of Irish extraction?

Ed. No, he's a Metropolitan, and I wish he was fairly out of the metropolis. I think of sending him to sea.

Twist. And pray what are his enormities?

Ed. Not speaking too much, Mr. M. P., but reading too much in the first place, and never having clean hands in the second. He reads all my books, and spoils them. I can trace the very page at which he left off by his own peculiar thumb marks. His mother has charge of the house, and he is therefore an appendage not to be got rid of. The other evening I heard him mouthing and whining up stairs, and when I rang and asked what was the matter, he replied, "Mother wouldn't give me a penny." "And what did you want a penny for?" inquired I. "I wanted it to buy the 'Casket,'" said he; "I takes it weekly." He is the march of intellect personified.

Maj. Really quite disgusting. Pray, Mr. Editor, can the thing write?

Ed. Yes, and right well. He has several medals gained at his school.

O'S. I wish among his other qualifications he'd bring the sherry and water. (Enter Bill, with a bottle of sherry and a decanter of water.) Bravo, Bill! you're a smart chap, only you might have been a great deal smarter. When I go to sea, I'll take you with me as volunteer of the tenth class.

Bill. Not against my will, I hope, sir. Besides, I'm in the first class where I am, and I don't know that your school is so much better.

O'S. Better, you spalpeen! it will make a man of you.

Bill. Time will do that, sir, without your giving yourself the trouble.

Maj. How excessively impertinent!

O'S. Devilish smart, I think. I fancy that chap.

Twist. Upon my honour, not at all bad at a reply.

Doctor. Whatever he writes will never be a *Bil-dy-doux*—do you take?

O'S. Yes, Doctor. (Helping himself to sherry.) And I recommend you to do the same—it will sharpen your wits. How do you get on with your impromptu?

Doctor. I can only make out the two first lines.

There's a difficulty—

O'S. So it appears. Pray, Mr. Twist, is it true that Lord Gederich is to be created an earl?

Twist. Yes, he will appear in the next *Gazette*.

Ed. Perhaps you can also acquaint us with the ground of his promotion.

Twist. His dismissal—if not dismissed with honours, it would reflect upon the judgment, and affect the credit, of the premier.—*Lord. Metrop.*

#### TOM CRINGLE'S LOG. THE SECOND CRUISE OF THE WAVE.

In continuation of this popular nautical journal, we subjoin various extracts.

"I longed to see the isles that gem  
Old ocean's purple diadem;

I sought by turns, and saw them all."

*The Bride of Abydos.*

Shortly after we made the land about Nassau, the breeze died away, and it fell nearly calm.

"I say Thomas," quoth Aaron, "for this night at least we must still be your guests, and lumber you on board of your seventy-four. No chance, as far as I see, of getting into port to-night; at least if we do, it will be too late to go on shore."

He said truly, and we therefore made up our minds to sit down once more to our rough and round dinner, in the small, hot, choky cabin of the Wave. As it happened, we were all in high glee. I flattered myself that my conduct in the late affair would hoist me up a step or two on the roaster for promotion, and my excellent friends were delighted at the idea of getting on shore.

After the cloth had been drawn, Mr. Bang opened his fire. "Tom, my boy, I respect your service, but I have no great ambition to belong to it. I am sure no bribe that I am aware of could ever tempt me to make 'my home upon the deep,'—and I really am not sure that it is a very gentlemanly calling after all. Nay, don't look glum; what I meant was, the egregious weariness of spirit you must all undergo from consorting with the same men day after day, hearing the same jokes repeated for the hundredth time, and, whichever way you turn, seeing the same faces morning, noon, and night, and listening to the same voices. Oh! I should die in a year's time were I to become a sailor."

"But," rejoined I, "you have your land bores, in the same way that we have our sea bores; and we have this advantage over you, that if the devil should stand at the door, we can always escape from them sooner or later, and can buoy up our souls with the certainty

that we can so escape from them at the end of the cruise, at the farthest; whereas if you happen to have taken root amid a colony of bores on shore, why you never can escape, unless you sacrifice all your temporalities for that purpose; ergo, my dear sir, our life has its advantages, and yours has its advantages."

"Too true—too true," rejoined Mr. Bang. "In fact, judging from my own small experience, *Borism* is fast attaining a head it never reached before.—Speechifying is the crying and prominent vice of the age. Why will the ganders not recollect that eloquence is the gift of heaven, Thomas? A man may improve it unquestionably, but the Promethean fire, the electrical spark, must be from on high. No mental perseverance or education could ever have made a Demosthenes, or a Cicero, in the ages long past; nor an Edmund Burke!"

"Nor an Aaron Bang in times present," said I.

"Hide my roscate blushes, Thomas," quoth Aaron, as he continued—"Would that men would speak according to their gifts, study Shakspeare and Don Quixote, and learn of me; and that the real blockhead would content himself with speaking when he is spoken to."

"Quarter less three," sung out the leadman in the chains.

We are now running in past the end of Hog Island and to the port of Nassau, where the lights were sparkling brightly. We anchored, but it was too late to go on shore that evening, so after a parting glass of swizzle, we all turned in for the night.

To be near the wharf, the convenience of refitting, I had run the schooner close in, being aware of the complete security of the harbour, so that in the night I could feel the little vessel gently take the ground. This awoke me and several of the crew, for accustomed as the sailors are to the smooth bounding motion of a buoyant vessel, rising and falling on the heaving bosom of the ocean, the least touch on the solid ground, or against any hard floating substance, thrills to their hearts with electrical quickness. Through the thin bulkhead I could hear the officers speaking to each other. "We are touching the ground," said one.—"And if we be, there is no sea here—all smooth—landlocked entirely," quoth another. So all hands of us snoozed away once more into the land of deep forgetfulness. We had all for some days previously been over-worked, and over-fatigued; indeed, ever since the action had caused the duty of the little vessel to devolve on one half of her original crew, those who had escaped had been subjected to great privations, and were nearly worn out.

It might have been four bells in the middle watch, when I was awakened by the discontinuance of Mr. Swop's heavy step over head; but judging that the poor fellow might have toppled over into a slight temporary snooze, I thought little of it, persuaded as I was that the vessel was lying in the most perfect safety. In this belief I was falling over once more, when I heard a short startled grunt from one of the men in the steerage, which was separated from us by a very slight bulkhead—then a sudden sharp exclamation from another—a louder ejaculation of surprise from a third—and presently Mr. Wagtail, who was sleeping on a mattress spread on the locker below me, gave a spluttering cough. A heavy splash followed, and, simultaneously, several of the men forward shouted out "Ship full of water—water up to our hammocks;" while Waggy, who had rolled off his narrow couch, sang out at the top of his pipe, "I am drowned, Bang. Tom Cringle, my dear—Gelid, I am drowned—we are all drowned—the ship is at the bottom of the sea, and we shall have eels enough here, if we had none at Biggleswade. Oh! murder! murder!"

"Sound the bell," I could hear Tailtackle, who had run on deck, sing out.

"No use in that," I called out, as I splashed out of my warm cot, up to my knees in water. "Bring a

light, Mr. Taitackle; a bottom plank must have started, or a butt, or a hidden-end. The schooner is full of water beyond doubt, and as the tide is still making, stand by to hoist out the boats, and get the wounded into them. But don't be alarmed, men; the schooner is on the ground, and it is near high water. So be cool and quiet. Don't bother now—don't!

By the time I had finished my extempore speech I was on deck, where I soon found that, in very truth, there was no use in sounding the bell, or manning the pumps either, as some wounded plank had been crushed out bodily by the pressure of the vessel when she took the ground; and there she lay—the tidy little Wave—regularly bilged, with the tide flowing into her.

Every one of the crew was now on the alert. Bedding and bags and some provisions were placed in the boats of the schooner; and several craft from the shore, hearing the alarm, were now alongside; so danger there was none, except that of catching cold, and I therefore bethought me of looking in on my guests in the cabin. I descended, and waded into our late dormitory with a candle in my hand, and the water nearly up to my waist. I there found my steward, also with a light, splashing about in the water, catching a stray hat here, and fishing up a spare coat there, and anchoring a chair, with a piece of spun yarn, to the pillar of the small side berth on the starboard side; while our friend Massa Aaron was coolly lying in his cot on the larboard, the bottom of which was by this time within an inch of the surface of the water, and bestirring himself in an attempt to get his trowsers on, which by some lucky chance he had stowed away under his pillow overnight, and there he was sticking up first one peg and then another, until by sliding and shifting in his narrow lair, he contrived to rig himself in his nethergarments. 'But, steward, my good man, he was saying when I entered, "where is my coat, eh?" The man groped for a moment down in the water, which his nose dipped into with his shirt-sleeves tucked up to his arm-pits, and then held up some dark object, that to me at least looked like a piece of black cloth hooked out of a dyer's vat. Alas! this was Massa Aaron's coat; and while the hats were bobbing at each other in the other corner like seventy-fours, with a squadron of shoes in their wakes, and Wagtail was sitting in the side-berth with his wet night-gown drawn about him, his muscular development in high relief through the clinging drapery, and bemoaning his fate in the most pathetic manner that can be conceived, our ally Aaron exclaimed, 'I say, Tom, how do you like the cut of my Sunday coat, eh?' while our friend Paul Gelid, who it seems had slept through the whole row, was at length startled out of his sleep, and sticking one of his shanks over the side of his cot in act to descend, immersed it in the cold salt brine.

'Lord! Wagtail,' he exclaimed, 'my dear fellow, the cabin is full of water—we are sinking—ah! decidedly annoying to be drowned in this hole, amidst dirty water, like a tubful of ill-washed potatoes—ah.'

'Tom—Tom Cringle,' shouted Mr. Bang at this juncture, while he looked over the edge of his cot on the stramash below, 'saw ever any man the like of that? Why, see there—there, just under your candle, Tom—a bird's nest floating about with *maris* in it, as I am a gentleman.'

'—your bird's nest and *maris* too, whatever that may be,' roared little Mr. Peppercot. 'By Jupiter, it is my wig, with a live rat in it.'

'Confound your wig!—ah!' quoth Paul, as the steward fished up what I took at first for a pair of brim full water-stoups. 'Zounds! look at my boots.'

'And confound both the wig and boots, say I,' sung out Mr. Bang. 'Look at my Sunday coat. Why, who set the ship on fire, Tom?'

Here his eye caught mine, and a few words sufficed to explain how we were situated, and then the only

bother was how to get ashore, and where we were to sojourn, so as to have our clothes dried, as nothing could now be done until day light. I therefore got our friends safely into a Nassua boat alongside, with their wet trunks and portmanteaus in charge of their black servants, and left them to fish their way to their lodging-house as they best could. By this, the wounded and the sound part of the crew had been placed on board of two merchant brigs, that lay close to us; and the masters of them proving accommodating men, I got them alongside, as the tide flowed, one on the starboard, the other on the larboard side, right over the Wave; and next forenoon, when they took the ground, we rigged two spare topmasts from one midship port to another, and making the main and fore-rigging of the schooner fast to them, as the tide once more made, we weighed her, and floating her alongside of the sheer-hulk, against which we were enabled to heave her out, so as to get at the leak, and then by rigging bilge-pumps, we contrived to free her and keep her dry. The damaged plank was soon removed; and, being in a fair way to surmount all my difficulties, about half-past five in the evening I equipped myself in dry clothes, and proceeded on shore to call on our friends at their new domicile. When I entered, I was shown into the dining-hall by my ally, Pegtop.

'Massa will be here presently, sir.'

'Oh—tell him he need not hurry himself:—But how is Mr. Bang and his friends?'

'Oh, dem all werry so so, only Massa Wagtail hab take such a terrible cold, dat him tink he is going to dead; him werry sorry for himself, for true, massa.'

'But where are the gentlemen, Pegtop?'

'All, every one on dem is in him bed. Wet clothes have been drying all day.'

'And when do they mean to dine?'

Here Pegtop doubled himself up, and laughed like to split himself.

'Dem is all dining in bed, Massa. Shall I shew you to dem?'

'I shall be obliged; but don't let me intrude. Give my compliments, and say I have looked in simply to enquire after their health.'

Here Mr. Wagtail shouted from the inner apartment.

'Hillo! Tom, my boy! Tom Cringle!—here, my lad, here!'

I was shewn into the room from whence the voice proceeded, which happened to be Massa Aaron's bed room: and there were my three friends stretched on sofas, in their night-clothes, with a blanket, sheet, and counterpane over each, forming three sides of a square round a long table, on which a most capital dinner was smoking, with wines of several kinds, and a perfect galaxy of wax candles, with their sable valets, in nice clean attire, and smart livery coats, waiting on them.

'Ah, Tom,' quoth Massa Paul, 'delighted to see you;—come, you seem to have dry clothes on, so take the room of the table.'

I did so; and broke ground forthwith with great zeal.

'Tom, a glass of wine, my dear,' said Aaron.—'Don't you admire us—classical, eh? Wagtail's head dress, and Paul's night cap—oh, the comforts of a woollen one! Ah, Tom, Tom, the Greeks had no Kilmarnock—none.'

'Ah, Mr. Swop,' as the master was ushered into the room, continued Mr. Bang. 'Plate and glasses for Mr. Swop.'

The sailor bowed, perched himself on the very edge of his chair, scarcely within long arm's length of the table, and sitting bolt upright, as if he had swallowed a spare studding-sail boom, drank our healths, and smoothed down his hair on his brow.

'Captain, I come to report the schooner ready to—'

'Poo,' rattled out Mr. Bang; 'time for your tale by and by; help yourself to some of that capital beef, Peter.—So—'

Mr. Peter Swop, emboldened and brightened by the wine he had so industriously swilled, and willing to contribute his quota of conversation, having previously jumbled in his noddle what Mr. Bang had said about an ostrich, and hard food, asked, across the table—

'Do you believe ostriches eat iron, Mr. Bang?'

Mr. Bang slowly put down his glass, and looking with the most imperturbable seriousness the innocent master right in the face, exclaimed—

'Ostriches eat iron!—Do I believe ostriches eat iron, did you say, Mr. Swop? Will you have the great kindness to tell me if this glass of Madeira be poison, Mr. Swop? Why, when Captain Cringle there was in the light of Benin, from which

'One comes out

Where a hundred go in,'

on board of the—what-d'ye-call-her? I forget her name—they had a tame ostrich, which was the wonder of the whole squadron. At the first go-off it had plenty of food, but at length they had it on short allowance of a Winchester bushel of tenpenny nails and a pump-bolt a-day; but their supplies failing, they had even to reduce this quantity, whereby the poor bird, after unavailing endeavours to get at the iron ballast, was driven to pick out the iron bolts of the ship in the clear moonlight nights, when no one was thinking of it; so that the craft would soon have been a perfect wreck. And as the commodore would not hear of the creature being killed, Tom there undertook to keep it on copper-bolts and sheathing until we reached Cape Coast. But it would not do; the copper soured on its stomach, and it died. Believe an ostrich eats iron, quotha!'

'Who's there?' said Wagtail, looking towards the door with a raised look.

It was Taitackle, with two of the boys carrying a litter, followed by Peter Mangrove, as if he had been chief mourner at a funeral. Out of the litter a black paw, with *fishes* or splints whipped round it by a band of spunyarn, protruded, and kept swaying about like a pendulum.

'What have you got there, Mr. Taitackle?'

The gunner turned round.

'Oh, it is a vagary of Peter Mangrove's, sir. Not contented with getting the Doctor to set Sneezer's starboard fore-leg, he insists on bringing him away from amongst the people at the capstan-house.'

'True, Massa—Massa Taitackle say true; de poor dumb dog never shall cure him leg none at all, 'mong de men dere; dey all love him so much, and make of him so much, and stuff him wid salt wittal so much, till him blood inflammation like a hell, and den him so good temper, and so gratify wid dere attention, dat I believe him will eat till him kickeriboo of sorefut, (surfeit, I presumed); and, beside, I know de dog healt will instantly mend if him see you. Oh, Massa Aaron, (our friend was smiling,) it not like you to make fun of poor black fellow, when him is take do part of soch old friend as poor Sneezer. De Captain dere cannot laugh, dat is if him will only tink on dat fearful cove at Puerto Escondido, and what Sneezer did for bote of we dere.'

'Well, well, Mangrove, my man,' said Mr. Bang. 'I will ask leave of my friends here to have the dog bestowed in a corner of the piazza, so let the boys lay him down there, and here is a glass of grog for you—so.—Now go back again,'—as the poor fellow had drank our healths.

Here Sneezer, who had been still as a mouse all this while, put his black snout out of the hammock, and began to cheep and whine in his gladness at seeing his master, while the large tears ran down his



coal black muzzle as he licked my hand, while every now and then he gave a short fondling bark, as if he had said 'Ah, master, I thought you had forgotten me altogether, ever since the action where I got my leg broke by a grape-shot, but I find I am mistaken.'

### THE DEAD ALIVE.

COUNT CHABERT.

This is a remarkable piece of composition. Though we receive it through an English periodical, every thing about it is un-English. We copy the first chapter, which is only introductory to the more striking portions that are to follow:—

"The story of Count Chabert (which has recently been dramatized in France) is one of those frightful truths which, to paraphrase an expression of our Gallic brethren, 'merits to be fictive'; and not, as it unhappily is, a narrative of events that happened in our times. The writer of this brief notice has often been in company with M. and Madame de Ferraud, the latter of whom always made a disagreeable impression upon him—a clever and rather pert woman, whose dashing manner did not always veil her native vulgarity.

Both M. and Madame de Ferraud are now dead; and if Colonel Chabert still exist, it is in the state described at the conclusion of this recital.

#### SECTION I.—Chambers of a Paris Solicitor.

'Deuce take it! here's the old hocus in the great coat again!' This said, the young clerk made a pellet of the bread he was gnawing, and threw it out of a narrow window, upon the hat of an unknown person; age who traversed the court-yard of a house situate in the Rue Vivienne, where dwelt M. Derville, solicitor. 'The nob's gone to bed, and can see nobody,' answered the chief clerk, as he completed the addition of a bill of costs. 'What trick can we play that Chinese?' whispered the third clerk, stopping short in the middle of the falsest of all possible reasonings upon a pleading he was sketching the minute of, and which was written by means of dictation to three provincial neophytes who took copies of it.

He continued to dictate:—'*But his majesty Louis XVIII. in his great wisdom, in re assuming the reins of his kingdom, understood—(What did he understand?)—the high mission of his supremacy, and remedied all the ills of his faithful subjects by restoring to them all their unsold property, by the celebrated and loyal ordinance, rendered in*' . . . 'Stop!' said he, to the three clerks, 'this villanous phrase has filled the page. Well!' he added, in preparing to turn over with a wet finger the thickest leaf of his stamped paper, 'what fun have you projected? We must tell him that the nob can only speak to his clients between two and three o'clock in the morning. We'll see if he come then, the old malefactor!' Such also was the opinion of the fourth clerk.

The third clerk resumed the phrase commenced—'*Rendered in*' . . . 'Are you there?' 'Yes!' cried the copyists. All proceeded at once—the pleading, the chattering, and the plot. '*Rendered in*' . . . 'hey? What was the date of the ordinance? Dot the 1's, that makes the pages look fuller.'—'June, 1814!' said the first clerk, without discontinuing his own occupation.

Three taps at the door interrupted the phrase of the prolix pleading; and six well-teethed clerks, with sharp eyes and frizzled heads, turned towards the sound, and the first clerk, after having cried with the tone of a boatswain, 'Come in!' remained with his face shrouded in a pile of papers, and continued to confect the bill of costs.

\* It is difficult to render the exact equivalent of the French *Avoués*, as they are now called, in lieu of their former designation of *Procureur*. The present race of *Avoués* have nearly all been called to the Bar, and their business is not merely to draw pleadings, but to point the courses of argument, upon which the advocates seldom do more than embroider.

The office was a large room, ornamented with the classic stove which adorns all the caverns of chicane; its flues crossed the chamber diagonally, and lost themselves in a blocked-up chimney, upon the mantel-piece of which were sundry pieces of bread, angles of cheese, pork chops, bottles and glasses, and the principal clerk's cup of chocolate. The odour of these esculents amalgamated so well with the stench of the overheated stove peculiar to offices and old papers, that the perfume of a fox could not have prevailed over it. The floor was already covered with the mud and snow brought in by the clerks. Near the window was the cylindrical writing-desk of the principal, to which was adjoined the table destined for the second clerk. It was between eight and nine in the morning. The office had for hangings the large yellow advertisements, announcing attachments, sales, &c. which make the glory of an attorney's room! The windows were too dirty to let much light through them; besides which, there are very few attorney's dwellings in Paris where it is possible to read in the month of February without the aid of a lamp; in fine, every thing here was sombre, black, greasy, and repulsive to the suitor. If there did exist damp sacrifices where prayers are weighed and paid for like groceries; and if there were no old clothes' shops with fluttering rags, an attorney's office would form the most frightful topographic poetry that the social state presents. Attorneys have not followed the progress of elegance which procured *inodores* for us, and their chambers remain dusty as old confessionals, and dirty as barbers' shops; it is true they are intended for the confession and bleeding of clients.

'Where's my penknife?' 'I'm breakfasting.' 'Go to the . . . you've put your pie upon the pleading!' 'Silence, gentlemen!' These several exclamations chimed together at the moment when the great-coated suitor entered, and he, after shutting the door with all the carefulness of a man under misfortune, seemed to search for some symptoms of politeness in the inexorable or indifferent faces of the six clerks. Accustomed, no doubt, to judge of men, he addressed himself very humbly to the youngest clerk, hoping the sag would have some feeling for the oppressed. 'Is your principal at home, sir?' The malignant gutter-hopper only answered the poor man by tapping his ear with the fingers of the left hand, as much as to say—'I am deaf!' 'What's your business, sir?' said the fourth clerk, in swallowing a mouthful of bread with which a four-pounder might have been loaded, at the same time brandishing his knife and crossing his legs. 'I come here for the fourth time,' answered the patient, 'and wish to speak to M. Derville.' 'Is it a process?' 'Yes, but I can only explain to M. Derville.' 'He's asleep. If you wish to consult him upon some difficulty, he only attends to business seriously at twelve o'clock at night—But if you choose to tell us your case we can—'

The poor suitor remained impassible. He looked submissively around him like a dog who glides into a kitchen under fear of blows: but the clerks who, thanks to their calling, never dread thieves, had no suspicion of the individual in the great coat, and suffered him to examine the room in which he looked for a seat—the poor man being horribly fatigued. 'Sir,' he added, on finding neither a chair to sit on or a friendly look to console him; 'I have already had the honour to tell you that I could only communicate my business to M. Derville—I will wait until he gets up.'

The principal clerk having finished his addition, and struck with the perfume of the chocolate, quitted his cane-bottomed chair, approached the chimney, measured the old man with his eye, and ultimately fixing it upon the great coat, it seemed to occur to him that if they fairly wrong the client out he would not yield a centime. His face assumed an expression not to be rendered, and he interposed a brief observation. 'What they tell you is correct; and if your business

is serious, I would recommend you to come again at one o'clock in the morning.' The suitor looked for a moment in stupid amaze at the clerk.

Accustomed to all the changes of physiognomy, and to the strange caprices, produced by reverie or indecision, which characterize processive persons, the clerks ate on, and making as much noise with their jaws as horses at the manger could do, they thought no more about the old man. 'I will come to-night, sir,' he concluded, with that tenacity peculiar to the unfortunate. The only epigram allowed to misery is to force unjust denials from justice and benevolence. When the unhappy have convicted society of falsehood, their trust in God is strengthened!

'There's a numscull for you,' said the junior clerk, without waiting until the old man shut the door. 'He looked as if he had died and been dug up again,' said another. 'It's some colonel who claims an arrear,' rejoined the chief scribe. 'No,' interrupted the third, 'it's a superannuated porter.' 'What'll you bet that he isn't a noble?' 'I bet that he was a porter,' replied the third clerk; 'none but porters are capable of wearing thread-bare great coats, covered with spots and ragged at the edges, like the Gaffer. Did you observe his boots too, with cracks to let the water in, and his cravat that simulates a shirt? He must have slept under an arch.' 'He may be noble, and yet have drawn the *cordon*,' cried the fourth clerk. 'No,' resumed the principal clerk, amidst shouts of laughter; 'I maintain that he was a brewer in 1789, and a colonel during the Republic.' 'I'll bet admission for all present to the theatre that he never was a soldier at all.' 'Done!' cried the principal clerk. 'Sir! sir!' vociferated the little clerk, opening the window. 'What are you about?' asked the third. 'I call to ask him whether he's a colonel or a porter—he ought to know best.' The clerks laughed immoderately. The old man returned. 'What shall we say to him?' whispered the third clerk. 'Let me manage it,' replied the first. 'Sir,' said he to the old incurable, who entered at the moment, timidly and with his eyes cast down, probably lest he should betray his hunger by looking at the eatables too eagerly; 'will you have the goodness to give us your name, in order that Mr. Derville may know whether—' 'Chabert!'—

'Not the colonel who was killed at Eylau?' asked one of the clerks who had previously said nothing, but who felt anxious to contribute his share to the stock of raillery. 'Yes, sir, it is even he,' answered the old man, with a classic simplicity. And he withdrew. 'O, ho! the old—its strange enough though.' 'What theatre shall we go to?' 'To the Opera!' cried the principal. 'Still,' continued the third clerk, 'as the particular theatre was not expressed, I may take you all to the Ambigu Comique if I please; and again, how are we sure that the ancient ape hasn't been hambugging us?—Notoriously the Colonel Chabert is dead, and moreover, his wife is married to the Count Ferraud, a privy councillor—she's a client of ours.' 'The hearing's deferred till to-morrow,' said the first clerk. 'To work, gentlemen. Odds blue bags! there's nothing done here!' 'If it had really been the Colonel Chabert, would he not have battered little Simonin's seat of honour with his foot when he affected to be deaf?' inquired the fourth clerk, who evidently thought this observation as much more conclusive than that of the third clerk. 'As nothing is decided,' resumed the head pensman, 'let us go to the dress circle of the Français, to see Talma in Nero. Simonin can go to the Parterre.' This said, the chief clerk sat down to his desk, all the others followed his example, and the pens recommenced creaking over the stamped paper.

Such are the pleasures which, in after life, make us say—'Those were glorious times!'

\* In Paris, the porters open the gates, as well as the small admission through them, by means of a rope, and without ever quitting their lodges.